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The Pathfinder

APRIL, 1909

THE SEED OF THE LITERARY LIE

By WARWICK JAMES PRICE



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THE PATHFINDER

GLEN LEVIN SWIGGETT, *Editor*

Contributions are invited from all lovers of good books and high ideals in literature, art and life. The editor disclaims responsibility for the opinions of contributors.

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The Pathfinder

A monthly magazine *in little* devoted
to Art and Literature



GLEN LEVIN SWIGGETT, *Editor*

TIS planned to be the meeting-place for those who care for the beautiful and permanent things in art and literature; where one may find, selected carefully from the writings of the master-minds of the past, their best thoughts and appreciations of these things; and where the man of to-day, whether scholar, poet, or artist, may give expression to his love for and abiding faith in those personalities, institutions, and things that reflect a serious purpose and lofty ideal.

The first volume of the little journal was concluded in June, 1907. The publishers are more than justified with the moral support it has received. Among the leading American poets and essayists who have contributed to its pages are D. C. Gilman, R. U. Johnson, Edwin Mims, D. K. Dodge, J. R. Hayes, J. G. Neihardt, Edith M. Thomas, G. B. Rose, F. W. Allen, W. P. Shepard, Clyde Furst, C. H. Page, Edwin Wiley, G. L. Swiggett, Ludwig Lewisohn, Clinton Scollard, E. C. Litsey, Jeannette Marks, Charlotte Porter, Estelle Duclo, Fanny Runnells Poole, S. M. Peck, and B. L. Gildersleeve.

It is our desire to gain in this simple undertaking the interest and support of all who may feel the need of such a publication, and who understand that we shall not be adding another to a list of "periodicals of individuality and protest" which is probably large enough already. During the past year you have received one or more sample copies of **THE PATHFINDER**. To make the journal a financial success, we must materially increase its subscription. May we not, therefore, beg your cordial co-operation and enlist your support and influence among your friends?

In order to gain your interest, we have decided to present to anyone sending in four subscriptions (\$2) a copy of Emerson's *Essay on Compensation*. The essay has an appropriate introductory note by Professor Lewis Nathaniel Chase, of the department of English in Indiana University. It is set up in beautiful old style type and printed on paper of antique finish, and bound with wrapper covers. It is a good example of dignified bookmaking.

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AT SUNRISE

By THOMAS S. JONES, JR.

There is a wonder in the dawn today,
A stranger beauty than I ever knew,
For every shaft of gold comes back from you
And every flame of red means you away;
You, and an East that never can grow gray,
But fixed the instant with perpetual blue,
An endless space forever broken through
The misty islands of the clouds' array.

So hour on hour may go, the days sweep by,
This vision holds to guide throughout the years
That I may smile when all things seem to fail,—
Beyond the dusk, a vast unfathomed sky,
And near, and white with old-time wasted tears,
Your hands that lift for me the Holy Grail!

*THE SEED OF THE LITERARY LIE**By WARWICK JAMES PRICE*

To make the thing that is not seem as the thing that is, is not as easy as lying, though it well may seem so. "The world of the dead in the hues of life" rises not up at the incantation of the uninitiated. Wherefore the writing of fiction is, relatively, a modern accomplishment, in very spite of the fact that from the days of the Psalmist all men have been held liars. Story telling, to be sure, is as old as man himself. When the gruff Dean of St. Patrick's talked about "loving the little grain of romance" he was saying nothing at all original; interest of that sort was coeval with time. But, though this form of amusement and instruction antedated even that "hospital for souls the world has wounded," which we call religion, and was ageing not a little when the epistles of history and gospels of biography were in their cuneiform and hieroglyph swaddling clothes, yet these other literary fashions were firmly established, alongside travel and the drama, before novel writing had made its first uncertain step.

For it is of the novel that the present-day world

thinks when the story is mentioned,—just such novels as those with which Darwin was wont to refresh himself after some unusually close and confining work. Bards, gleemen and minstrels may indeed have been the channels through which the story went from land to land, but we moderns are rather apt to rank them with the forebears of “heaven-bred verse.” The tales of the priest and the tribal greybeard now flavor of allegory and folklore, rather than of fiction.

Story telling may have been born in the *Nibelungen Lied*, in *Beowulf*, or in the *Chanson de Roland*; in the ballads about that “gentlest thief that ever twanged a bow” in Sherwood’s leafy aisles, or in the immortal versicles of the Canterbury pilgrims, but none the less, do we of today think of these venerable chanters and elocutionists less as planters of the seed than as mere cherishers of it,—that seed from which, in the fulness of literary growth, the novel, “the literary lie,” was to spring at last. This, properly considered, may look back no farther than the end of the sixteenth century for its earliest real growth.

There were four who joined in that planting; pioneers in the broad fields of the world’s letters, working there between 1584 and 1594:—

Thomas Lodge, the writer of six tales, but immortal for one; Robert Greene, who put his name to no less than seventeen title-pages; Sir Philip Sidney, who, "with high-erected thought seated in a heart of courtesy," followed Lodge into the green glades of the pastoral, there far to surpass him; and Thomas Nash, whose *Jack Wilton* stands legitimate parent to all the historical tales of the three centuries which have passed since that hero first made his rascally bow to a reading public. These four touched all the essential keys in life's gamut; laughter "holding both his sides" is there, as well as those deeper though no truer tones which bespeak the "sober, steadfast and demure."

This count ignores Sir Thomas Malory, "of simple pathos and reserved strength," and the courtier-stylist Llyly, and that martyred scholar, the Chancellor of the eighth Henry, Sir Thomas More,—

Like Cato, firm like Aristides, just;
Like rigid Cincinnatus, nobly poor;—
A dauntless soul erect, who smiled on Death.

These, however, were not truly planters. Where the Minnesingers and minstrels had cherished the seed, this palace-trained trio may better be said to have prepared the ground for

those who were, in turn, to follow them. Malory's *Mort d'Arthur*, which, in its Caxton gown, printed in the very shade of Westminster, so nearly lured the Miltonian harmonies to the legend of the Holy Grail and so away from Eden's lost paradise, and which was to inspire the swelling lines and stately beauties penned only yesterday by the "poet-historian of man's heart,"—this tale told splendidly a splendid story, "wrought," moreover, "into a mould of pure English hardly second to the English of the Bible itself," yet it was not a novel even in embryo.

Nor were More's *Utopia* or Lyly's *Euphues*, though each gave to the language a new and needed word. *The Land of Nowhere* may share with Plato's *Republic* the honorable post of fore-runner to all the long line of "Utopian" dreams, which have since been cherished by the world's Bellamys, or have stirred such visions as those now rising to the spells of the ingenious Mr. H. G. Wells, but it was less a romance, after all, than a political treatise. As for *Euphues*, with its too-slender plot, laid in an un-Grecian Athens, where all the women were impossibly fair; with its far too-fantastic form—oddities added to extravagances and these heaped high

on bombastic disquisitions (how the sane, keen, genial Wizard of the North did riddle it all in his *Monastery!*)—this striving to “knead a bread finer than could be made from honest English wheat,” put the book, almost from its appearance, quite in a class by itself. Surely it was no true precursor of those tales which were so soon to hold the mirror up to very nature.

Lodge and Greene, Nash and Sidney, were the real sowers of the seed of modern fiction. Theirs was an age of ultra-dreary tomes, the age of Fox’s cheerful *Book of Martyrs* and the Reverend Hooker’s enlivening *Ecclesiastical Polity*, but, none the less, did these four feel the thrill that comes with creative thought, and (which was far more to the point), they made others feel it. They took the seed the ages had so long kept warm and ready, and put it into the soil which the Mores and Malorys had scratched in preparation for that planting. *A Marguerite of America* and *The Unfortunate Traveller*, to choose two of their titles almost at random, distinctly suggest the often too-decorated covers of green and crimson, which, this very morning, clamored for attention, from shelf or counter.

Shakespeare, “Emperor-King of Borrowers,” helped not a little to make the names of Lodge

and Greene known to novel readers, for the *Rosalyn* of the one and the *Pandosta* of the other, are merely the native ore which the greater master transmuted into the pure gold of his *As You Like It* and *Winter's Tale*. Yet each of those earlier stories is couched in graceful guise, with plot and characterization, and all else which, even in these more sophisticated times, is held essential to proper narrative. Each had, too, genuine "human interest," as journalists are wont to use the phrase; than which nothing brings more of life itself to the lie of the printed sheet. The fifty or sixty pages of that slim little *Pandosta: The Triumph of Time*, ran through fourteen editions, and for the best part of a century was far better known and far more popular than its immortal offspring.

"Human interest" waned in that *Arcadia* which Sidney, "warbler of poetic prose," sent his Countess sister, cautioning her the while "for severer eyes it is not, being but a trifle and triflingly handled." Through some six years the scholar-soldier and statesman-poet added to his heroic romance, interlarding its pages with Italian verse as if to add to its continuous under-current of poetic temper, and often too (admit

it!) clogging such gentle narrative as it had with details, quite charming *per se* but all unnecessary to any development of the slim action. When, on the bloody field of Zutphen, death took from the spacious world of good Queen Bess this "Prime Jewel of my Crown," Pembroke's gracious lady held at her heart what is today considered the prototype of the pastoral romance. Four years later she gave it to the world of types. What if the scene was laid in a Greece which its creator had seen but fleetingly, and then as a youth of eighteen! His work first showed how natural description could add to the verisimilitude of a story, as well as to the mere traveller's tale.

When then, in 1594, Mr. Tom Nash published his ingenious account of the amours and misadventures of *Jack Wilton* (dubbed an *Unfortunate Traveller*, though his phenomenal luck seldom deserted him for more than a necessary page or two!) he found he had been forestalled in first giving England's gentle readers a love story with descriptions added to tearful vows and heart-deep protestations, though he did almost as much for us today, for would we have had our alluring "John Ridds" and "Micah Clarks" and "Richard Carvels" if Nash had not then made

fashionable the literary lie of the pretended autobiography? His hero, witty and naughty, never principled and ever resourceful, met, too, with many folk of note; with Sir Thomas More, and Elizabeth's sparkling Earl of Surrey, and tall, slim, handsome Francis the Second, so that in his story one may find the early shoots that since have sprung to the overtowering tree of historical romance. And there too are humor and "realism," quite of the sorts which "the man in the street" now knows so intimately well.

(Conclusion follows)

—++—

TO SORROW

By JAMES BEANNIN

Most silent-seeming Sorrow, who hast come
With motion stiller than the unheard Earth,
My eye nor ear divined thee, yet thy home
Is in my deepest heart, whose vain desire
And hope of yesterday, is now but dearth
To the overburdened soul, and sinking fire.
With roses faded by Alchymic years,
Not gold, but ashes; tender living gold
Cut from a dead girl's hair; the dust of tears
Shed by young lovelorn eyes ere Tyre was old:
O Sorrow, well we know thee if thou bring
Such signs as these!

Whenever hearts ache for the sundering
Of love, or man-unmindful Destinies
Clip solemnly the slender cord they spun.
There art thou, tender one.

In blither days I loved not thee nor thine,
And shuddered at thy seldom touch. Too soon
Thou camest then, I never bade thee stay.
My unschooled spirit did but sink and swoon
Under thy gazing eye. Then life was gay,
And shadows strange and fearful: to repine,
To cease to laugh, to dance, to sing, to play,
An hour's death: duller than moveless clay
I deemed the tears that others wept! No more,
O nevermore!
For any prayer shall Youth come back to me,
And thou art far too weary to implore,
My heart! only to dreadful memory
Those days return,
Though dreaming of departed joy is sweet
And bitter, like these long-sought tears, which burn
And give us rest awhile, before the fleet,
Loud beating of great wings proclaims the air
Full-blackened by despair.

At last I welcome thee, no more reproved
Thy purple robe and rich solemnity:
No longer thou, unseen, unheard, unloved,
Need hide the faded flowers of thy crown.
For now, without thee, all is vanity.
No roses bloom, no petals flutter down
From cherry or from hawthorn, always brown
With autumn are the hills, and ever dull
And duller drag the hours!
No thought impels me by her awful powers,
No passion burns or chills, no dear delight

Laughs in my weary eyes, no dream, no hope,
No motion parted me from those agrope
Along the cave of death, bore not the years
Thee, Sorrow, and thy tears.

And thou wilt surely come! Then come alone,
Leaving thy wild-eyed sisters by the glade
Of dreadful Styx and fiery Phlegeton:

— Eumenides who drive the frenzied shade,
Of earthlier spirits, Terror, Shame, and Care—
Yet, if thou wilt, bring thine own children fair,
Sweet Melancholy, viol-voicèd maid,
Or sunset-vested Longing; or, if these
Too lightly step for thy most solemn mood,
Bring Lost-love, Heaven-hope, and cleansing Pain,
And down the alleys of the leafless wood
Let faintly fall the rain.

The world is leaving me: thou wilt not steal
Away, with joy, and tenderness of years?
Ah! while the flames of heart and spirit feel
Their own existence, while our life hath tears,
Lull ever with thy touch the imperious will,
And chasten desire with thy white wisdom still,
Then crown the brow with charity, and keep
The feet advancing to that hollow deep
Where I must lose thee in my unreluctant sleep.

*A GREAT CORREGGIO IN AMERICA**By G. B. ROSE*

Just at present, when it is the fashion to praise in art only the rough, the strong or the impressionistic, Correggio is out of favor. Yet there can be no doubt that he is one of the greatest of painters. In his mastery of anatomy and the boldness of his foreshortenings Michelangelo alone can surpass him. In the glow of his color he rivals the Venetians. In the subtleties of chiaroscuro Rembrandt is his only superior. In the harmony of his compositions he reminds us of Raphael. Titian himself did not excel him in the power to reproduce the satiny sheen of youthful flesh. In his capacity to fuse great masses into an harmonious whole, while preserving the individuality of all the parts, he is the worthy fore-runner of Rubens. And beyond all this he has a charm entirely his own—the charm of beauty infused with sweetness and joy. Certain critics, like Ruskin, are disposed to accuse him of immorality because he is so glad, so fond of beauty and sweetness and light; because he did not follow the Marys to the Sepulchre, but remained to rejoice with the bride-

groom and the bride. But such a view is morbid and unwholesome. Correggio's pictures are not only among the greatest on account of their supreme mastery of technic; they are among the best to live with, infusing into all the air about them a spirit of sweet cheerfulness that enriches and softens the heart.

In his life he was obscure and neglected, left to adorn with his priceless treasures a few small cities of northern Italy, and ignored by his colleagues of Rome and Venice, basking in papal and imperial favor. But shortly after his death he was discovered by all the world; his pictures were sought after with an eagerness that has never abated; and nearly all of them have been acquired by European collections from which we can never hope to dislodge them. That we should have a worthy example of his work in America is therefore the occasion of sincere rejoicing.

For in the private gallery of Dr. J. E. Stillwell, 9 West 49th Street, New York, there is a picture which I and others far more competent to judge are convinced is a most notable Correggio. It is a Holy Family of large size and great beauty. Seated in a charming landscape is a Madonna clothed in a red dress and covered

with a blue mantle lined with yellow. Upon her lap is the infant Christ. The young St. John standing at her knee is kissing his foot, while to the left is the aged St. Anne, clothed in a magenta robe with a white scarf about her shoulders and a yellow cap upon her head. True to nature, each mother is looking at her own child. In the back-ground the verdant shores of the Sea of Gallilee stretch away into the distance. The types have all the beauty, the cheerfulness, the sweetness of Correggio. The technic is his, as the admirable preservation of the picture, fresh as when it left his easel, enables one to judge. All his richness of color, his exquisite modeling, his perfect flesh tones, are there. It is unquestionably in his style and so far beyond the powers of any of his pupils, such as Parmigianino and Anselmi, that it cannot be attributed to them. It seems impossible that anyone else should have painted it; and I am forced to conclude that we have in our country a masterpiece of Correggio's middle period, when he had acquired artistic freedom and had not yet developed the entirely pagan spirit of his later days. It is a picture of supreme beauty, before which one can linger for hours, now admiring the delightful landscape painted with all Correggio's

richness, now the mellow glory of the color, the exquisite flesh tones, the grace of the forms or the sweetness of the faces. In private ownership in America there is an amazing wealth of great works by old masters, a treasure of whose existence the general public has no idea; but among them there is none more exquisite, more notable, than this.



BEAUTY

By ANNA BLANCHER MCGILL

Ah be thou all revealed or tease us now no more
 With burning hints of thee;—
 In lights that flash along an April shore,
 Or rainbows bent above a summer sea!

Be all revealed or taunt us not fore'er to press
 Beyond the bars of dream;
 Into night's deep and secret loveliness,
 Or the white wonder of the dawn's first gleam.

High goal of melody, let once the perfect song
 Declare where thou art set,—
 Rising to thee on rhythms sure and strong
 Till we our old despair of thee forget.

Rose of the heart's desire, keep not thy rich sweet heart
 So closely sheathed and furled;
 Unfold its inmost petals and impart
 Thy glory full-blown to our longing world!

Ah sweet, we chafe against these half-delights,
 These furtive clues concealed
 In folded flow'r, in color, flying lights,
 Or cadence,—ah, at last, be all revealed!

*OLD WINE TO DRINK**By FRANK WALLER ALLEN**V.—THOMAS CAREW*

Dear R. L. S.—I'm very sure you, who were a lover of strong, splendid, meaty words and phrases, esteemed at its proper worth the goodly adjective, "old-fashioned." It makes a most delicious mouthful, smacking of the quaint, the lovable and the permanent. There is about it, too, something of the poetic, the mellow scent of lavender, and the grace and whim of youth in an older day. Do we not like to think of, to dream of, and, maybe, by the grace of God, to possess old-fashioned honour, old-fashioned loyalty, old-fashioned friendships? Is it not a fine thing to be saying:

"There passes an old-fashioned gentleman; yonder, seated on the bench in the garden, is an old-fashioned belle; he who stands by her side, smiling with such charming old tenderness in his eyes, is an old-fashioned lover. And, perhaps best of all, the merry-mouthing little man whose hair is white and who wears the rose-bud on his coat lapel, is an old-fashioned poet. . . . Old-

fashioned lyrics, he will remind you, are the wine of the heart."

Now Thomas Carew, so old-fashioned Izaak Walton tells me, is an old-fashioned poet. Something like this, I believe, the contemplative philosopher wrote of T. C.'s lyrics: "They were old-fashioned poetry, but choicely good." . . .

This, my Master, convinces me that they were very old-fashioned indeed!

Thomas Carew, like a certain other writer of whimsical and old-fashioned verse of a much later day, prepared himself for the law, and, finding it out of harmony with his temperament, failed to practise. "Why in the devil should a man write a brief when it is so much more delightful to write a song," I think were his words, or something very much like them. "Law books," continued he, "are for those who like them, or need them, or know no better; as for me, have I not Celia and a knack of making rhythms and rhymes for lips, for eyes, for smooth white arms, and warm budding breasts? . . . Thank you, I shall write a song."

And this, my old-fashioned reader, is the old-fashioned song he made:

Ask me no more where Jove bestows,
When June is past, the fading rose;
For in your beauty's orient deep
These flowers, as in their causes, sleep.

Ask me no more whither do stray
The golden atoms of the day;
For in pure love heaven did prepare
Those powders to enrich your hair.

Ask me no more whither doth haste
The nightingale, when May is past;
For in your sweet dividing throat
She winters, and keeps warm her note.

Ask me no more where those stars 'light,
That downwards fall in dead of night;
For in your eyes they sit, and there
Fixed become, as in their sphere.

Ask me no more if east or west
The phoenix builds her spicy nest;
For unto you at last she flies,
And in your fragrant bosom dies.

They are mistaken who say there is no romance and poetry in politics. I know a friendly gentleman, poetaster, politician and philosopher, who tells me in confidence, wherefore I do not mention his name, that diplomacy and rhyming are twin sisters of a common mother, though he is in doubt about their fathers being the same. . . . However that may be, our maker of old-fashioned songs soon found it quite to his

liking to become one of the hundred and more people forming the train of Lord Herbert Cherb~~urg~~ when, in March 1619, he started as am~~bassador~~ to the merry land of France. . . . Again, within a few years, we find him graduating from the school of diplomacy as a courtier in that roistering group of fun-makers which surrounded Charles of England. He was sort of latter-day troubadour with many light songs of love and loveliness and a quick heart's desire.

It is of this period which "old G. Clarke, Esq.," once Lord of the Admiralty and Secretary to Prince George of Denmark, tells of in his memiors. Here we learn how adept a courtier he has become, and, most of all, how the romance of politics has developed his discretion even if it has left untutored his greater honour. Thomas Carew, gentleman to the privy-chamber, was going to light King Charles into the Queen's chamber, when he, preceding his majesty some paces, saw Jermyn, Lord St. Albans, caressing her with that ardor a fitting and obedient subject should always give his queen. T. C. stumbled and put out the light. The King, with becoming purple, swore. Lord St. Albans profiting by both the darkness and the oaths, escaped. . . . The old-fashioned poet never told; the King

never knew; and the Queen, who loved all her subjects, never forgot. Thus grew the favours, the muse, and the estates of our erstwhile student of law.

There's another story worth a word in passing. In the correspondence of Sir John Suckling is a letter to a friend to dissuade him from marrying a widow which he formerly had been in love with and quitted. Carew is the friend in this rather unsavory correspondence. Sir John argues against all marriage, and most particularly against marrying a widow, "a kind of chewed meat," says he. Old-fashioned Tom praises marriage and widows in particular. "I'll marry," writes he, "and. . . I'll marry a widow. . . . 'tis prince-like to marry a widow for 'tis to have a taster."

Carew, through my window, was given much to pleasing admiring groups with vagrant songs concerning the newest belle or beau; a gentlemanly jester who received for his pains the domain of Sunninghill in Windsor Forest; a mask of lightness and frivolity he wore quite becomingly, yet in reality he was not the libertine and peeler in light'-o-loves such as were his fellows. He superficially conformed to the

court life about him and yet was old-fashioned enough in truer, simpler things to become the friend of Izaak Walton. And, you know quite well, that could he be friends with Walton and our gallant Sir John Suckling all in a day, he must have been a man, in so far as concerns his being all things to all men, with the capacity of St. Paul.

Therefore, let us call this poetical ancestor of your friend Dobson, a most pleasing fellow who took life neither too seriously nor too lightly ; who could turn a winsome bit of verse concerning my lady's gentle motion, or the beauty of eyes, and make her feel it true just as delicately as he could discuss the virtue of earth-worms and minnows with old Izaak ; or, perhaps, the intricacies of what was the new theology of that day with Dr. John Donne, Dean of St. Paul's ; of whom, by-the-way, he wrote a very charming epitaph, which, by rights, may more fittingly be said of Carew himself. Here it is ; it shall do for both :

Here lies a king that ruled, as he thought fit,
The universal monarchy of wit;
Here lies two flamens, and both these the best ;
Apollo's first, at last the true God's priest.

*LOVE'S REINCARNATION**By ANNA MARIA BATCHELDER*

I.

Where have I known thee who hast come to be
Life and all life's rich treasure, who dost bring
Forth from the snows the gorgeousness of Spring,
Into the sky the golden sun for me?
This for a message send I unto thee,
That thou mayst know of Love's awakening,
That thou upon the printed page mayst see,
And seeing share in Love's remembering.

Where have I known thee in the past? I knew
Thy face in Napoli, beneath blue skies.
There where old storied Nilus dreaming lies
'Neath Egypt's crimson sun our passion grew.
Dost thou recall the golden hours that flew
As hand clasped hand, and eyes looked into eyes?

II.

What is the voice that whispers Love, thro' thine?
My heart recalls each tender note, each tone
That issues from thy lip and it alone
Thrills to my soul and answers unto mine.
So through the flower-deck'd fields did Proserpine
Listen enraptured: To those gates of stone
Hearing that sound, young Paris must have flown,
Drunken with love as revellers with wine.

Ah, thy dear voice that echoes through the years,
Renews all vows and whispers Love, to me,
Of that which in thy perfect eyes I see;
That which shall gently wipe away all tears.
And solve all doubts and put to flight all fears—
And bind all wounds and bid all sorrows flee.

Recent Publications

RALPH D. PAINE.—*The Stroke Oar*. A Yale College story. The sport that can produce the manly spirit of this book is worth while. New York: The Outing Publishing Co. 1908.

HENRY WALLACE PHILLIPS.—*Trolley Folly*. The title story in this collection is one of the best bits of reportorial humorous writing in recent years. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Co. 1909.

MRS. A. S. C. FORBES.—*Mission Tales in the Days of the Dons*. Some interest will attach to these tales of early California days through their *conleur locale*. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co. 1909.

LLOYD OSBOURNE.—*Infatuation*. A tale of an American girl's mad infatuation for an actor. The same effort given to a theme of greater probability would have made a good story. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Co. 1909.

JUSTIN HUNTLEY McCARTHY.—*The Gorgious Borgia*. A love romance of Cæsar Borgia in swashbuckler manner. This Italian does not lend himself however to the style of the author of *If I Were King*. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1909.

ROWLAND THOMAS.—*The Little Gods*. Clever indeed is the title of this collection of tales of the Philippines, whose subtle life meaning, at least for literary purposes, the author senses so well. *Fagan*, the five thousand dollar Collier prize story is included in the collection. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. 1909.

JOHAN BOJER.—*The Power of a Lie*. Whatever may be the demands placed upon the novel, this powerful Norwegian tale of realism crowned by the French Academy, must win uniform praise for its style and technique. Hall Caine's Introduction is a real sermon *in petto*. New York: Mitchell Kennerley. 1909.

ELINOR MACARTNEY LANE.—*Katrine*. One great test of novel writing ability is to take a theme that lends itself to lurid romance of a melodramatic character and develop it by sheer genius for story-telling within the limits set by art itself. Surely this has never been better done than in this beautiful tale. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1909.

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OH this wonderful, wonderful world, and we who stand in the middle of it are all in a maze, except poor Matthews of Bedford, who fixes his eyes upon a wooden cross and has no misgiving whatsoever. When I was at his chapel on Good Friday, he called at the end of his grand sermon on some of the people to say merely this, that they believed Christ had redeemed them: and first one got up and in sobs declared she believed it; and then another, and then another—I was quite overset:—all poor people: how much richer than all who fill the London churches. Theirs is the kingdom of heaven. —EDWARD FITZGERALD (1809-1883)